

# THE NEW-YORK LITERARY GAZETTE, AND AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

NEC INVIDIÆ, NEC TIMORIS DOMINIO.

VOL. II.....No. 12.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1826.

WHOLE UNITED NO. 61

## ORIGINAL TALES.

### TALES FROM CROSSBASKET.

#### THE NAMELESS STORY.

(Continued.)

As early the following morning as etiquette would permit, Egbert, had his bays put before the chariot, and with his friend was on the way to Montrose House, attended by a servant, in the livery of the Aldentons. Their route lay towards the sea coast, and a portion of the way was along the shore. A beautiful prospect of the channel presented itself to them; a pleasant breeze gently heaved the bosom of the ocean, and the foam-crowned heads of the waves, dashed on the shore with a murmuring sound. The farther the eye looked from the land, the billows seemed smaller, and their tops less and less white, till they were melted into one dark blue level. Vessels of various sizes and riggs tacked up and down; their tall masts, supporting the bellying sails, reeled to and fro, as they bounded over the waters;—while near the shore numerous small cutters and wherries, some with barked, and some with snow white sails, on fishing or pleasure parties, presented various pictures to the eye, according to their distance or course, and relieved the monotony of the ocean.

After a few miles' ride, the young friends approached Montrose policy on the north. A brick wall, capped with brown granite, divided the grounds from the post road extended along it about half a mile. In its centre was the gateway, before which the chariot now arrived. Within, on either side was a lodge, facing the avenue, built exactly like each other, of granite, roofed with slabs of the same materials; in front each had a door and window, that the warder might observe the departures or entrances. At the gable of one was a wooden dog house, and a large English mastiff, as the chariot entered, darted out the length of his chain, and growled angrily, but being immediately checked by the porter, re-entered his kennel, in a sullen humor, as if dissatisfied, that his vigilance met rebuke. The chariot rolled slowly along the gravelly floor of the winding avenue, fenced with the evergreen stunted boxwood, neatly trimmed: in the beds beyond grew dwarf-trees, and shrubbery of various kinds, with many flowers, indigenous as well as exotic. As a visible guard to which, posts about three

feet high were planted in the ground, and at regular distances, from the one to the other undulated a white painted chain.

The visitors had advanced a short distance; the chimney tops were yet only seen, peering above the trees that surrounded and sheltered the mansion, when they espied a lady, loitering with a book in her hand, and a pointer dog sporting by her side. I have of myself little knack in observing female dress, but I shall describe hers as told to me. She wore a sky blue riding habit, the waist and skirts, beautifully ornamented with braid, and decorated with silken buttons: round her neck she displayed a pure muslin ruffle a-la-mode d'Elizabeth, and on her head a black beaver bonnet, something in the shape of a bee-hive, canopied with waving black plumes. Round her neck suspended a gold chain, which served not only as a decoration, but also as a guard for a gold watch, which was just peeping through her fob. Her beautiful glossy auburn hair, of a sweeter tint than an evening cloud, gave an agreeable relief to her ruddy cheeks, while it descended down her neck in enchanting curls. Her beaming hazel eyes, shone like twin diamonds; her eyebrows, and silken lashes, seemed as nature had painted all in the same glowing colours.

She smiled as they approached, which showed not only teeth as white as alabaster, and regular as they had been carved by art's most choice cunning, but also a dimple on either cheek, which added a charm to her whole appearance. When the chariot advanced, Egbert and his friend alighted to pay their respects to Miss Montrose; a slight blush suffused her cheeks, which verified the simile often used by poets, "her blush was like the smile of morning." With much self-command and naïveté, she exclaimed, "Mr. Aldenton, old Janet says with the proverb, 'long looked for comes at last'; I am glad to see you, and so well and cheerful."

"Miss Caroline," replied Egbert, bowing, "that I am well, thank yourself; thoughts of meeting you exalted my spirits, and your presence makes me happy."

"You are always in one mood, sir, always complimentary; no wonder we poor female inventors, call you a gay Lothario."

"Madam, I endeavour always to speak from my heart; but allow me to present to you, my good and worthy friend Mr. Hardenville."

"For your sake, I am happy to see him, and for his own, I trust hereafter he will

be welcome." There was an enchantment in Miss Montrose's air, which so completely disarmed Mr. Hardenville of his self-possession, that it was a few seconds ere he could return her graceful courtesy, and still longer before he could find words to address her. Egbert saw his embarrassment, and with his usual playful manner, which he often exerted at the expense of the feelings of others, said, "Miss Caroline, my friend is no Adonis, no sigher after female charms, no discontented Faulkner, none of your weak hearted wits, who fall in love with every smiling face, and construe every word of politeness to a love token. I question nothing but he is bracing his resolution against the sweet tones, and piercing glances, that you have so unexpectedly attacked him withal."

"Madam," said Edward, now politely bowing, "I presume you know my friend too well, to require any reply from me to his witty sallies."

"Yes, sir, I know him of old: O Egbert, I know you too well to take all your compliments for Gospel."

"Madam"—

"Now Egbert, just stop: no madam with me, I am Caroline, you know, or Carry as you used familiarly to call me of old; do not speak in extenuation, for every word you utter, is a compliment, or intended for one, though I must say, you have not the wit always to succeed: and even now, by the playful curl on your lip, I see you are coining some complimentary speech, but I vow I won't hear it; so once in your life talk rationally, else Egbert, I shall certainly tell Miss"—

"Nay, stop that banter, Miss Carry, you are too severe; do not expose me before my friend. Though I have subscribed to Trismegistus' creed, I warrant you Mr. Hardenville, sets him down as a hair-brained fool, and his maxims the overflowings of an uxorious ass."

"Whatever I may have thought, I can now say, that"—

"Come, come, sir, no making love at first sight, and before a third person too; Miss Caroline, I will wager a silver crown, that had I not interrupted him, he would have spoken a love speech as glibly as mad Hamlet ever did to the fair Ophelia."

"And if he play Denmark's son, think you not I could act Polonius' daughter?"

"Faith! you both take me beyond my depth—I am none of your mar-matches: no truth cooler, I warrant you, so I will even leave you to your own sweet meditations, and hold some converse with your

favourite dog. "Cato, brave fellow!" So saying, he approached the noble animal, and with a motion with his tongue, which sportsmen know well how to use, and dogs to understand, but language cannot express, he gained the attention and good will of the favourite pointer, who instantly fawned about him, and in a moment both darted among the bushes. Playful as Caroline was, and self-possessed as Edward had always hitherto been, both were now unnerved: a moment they stood silent, gazing in the direction that their wayward friend had taken; their eyes now met, but quick as lightning fell again.—Caroline felt a blush tinging her cheek, and spreading over her neck: Edward's heart throbbed, he made one or two unsuccessful attempts to speak, at length, summoning all his resolution, and manliness to aid, he found words to address his hostess. "Madam," said he, "my friend is a sportsman and fond of dogs; nay, I believe he takes more pleasure in the canine, than in the human race."

"Pardon me, sir, it may be there is an exception; nay, I know there is an exception."

"Indeed!"

"O truly! have you never heard of Miss Ardenburgh?"

"Never."

"You amaze me: why, he so open and communicative, and never told his love to his friend. O! he is a cunning innp, but I see, most loquacious people take the Scottish bard's advice:—

'But still keep something to yourself  
Ye scarcely tell to any.'

"Last night," replied Edward, "he incidentally mentioned that he was in love, but at the time we were in a contemplative mood, surveying the noble and glorious scenery from his observatory, and I did not urge the subject."

"And even if you had, I question if he would have given you any satisfactory information: but it is notorious all over the country. Miss Report, the proverbial story teller, says they are to be married next month, and I believe her in this instance."

"Then I shall insist to see his fair damsel. Do you know her madam?"

"I have not the pleasure, but she is spoken well of by her friends, both as regards personal attractions, and mental qualifications."

"I will be able to judge of all when I see her."

"How? are you a physiognomist?"

"I have paid some little attention to the science, but cannot pretend to much skill."

"Well, I am glad that we have met, for I have long had a desire to question on the subject. John," said she turning to Mr. Aldenton's servant "take the chariot to the coach house, and see that the horses be well cared for."

The servant doffed his gold-laced hat, and with a "high life below stairs" congee, led the equipage up the avenue, and in the winding of the way, was soon out of view.

"Mr. Hardenville," said Caroline, "since our kind friend has left us, pray ye, let us to Montrose house; it would be a wild-goose chase to hunt for him—he is as errant as my favourite Cato."

"I am at your service, madam."

"As we walk along pray give me some lessons in Physiognomy."

"I would not presume, madam, to instruct one, in whose face so much natural strength of genius, and improvement of mind is displayed."

"Why really, I must say, you have taken an apt lesson from your friend."

"In many things, madam, I should be most happy to equal him: you have accused him of being a flatterer, I never saw any thing of it, till this fortunate meeting with you, and I must consider his conversation only as a *jeu d'esprit*, not being supported by my long tried experience."

"O you do not know him then! he is the most arrant flatterer in Kentshire."

At this moment Cato rushed from the bushes, and was followed shortly after by Mr. Aldenton: with a smile, and a merry step he approached.

"Well, how goes Hamlet and Ophelia? Have I returned too soon?"

"By no means," said Edward, "we only regret you left us abruptly."

"Regret," he replied ironically, "really, I see not a line of sorrow on either face: but I am no physiognomist; yet, I should rather infer, that my absence removed restraint, which else had bridled your tongues. I hope you have settled the matter."

"What matter, Mr. Will-o'-the-way?" enquired Miss Montrose.

"O then, Carry, if you ask that question, I presume he has concluded no definite treaty."

"A pretty suggestion, sooth!" said Edward.

"For me, I was questioning your friend about his favourite study, and you have appeared, Mr. Mad-cap, with your sage conjectures, at the very point of time to mar our discourse."

"If that be the matter, why then, Cato and I shall frolic an hour longer, and that please your ladyship."

"Stay," interrupted Caroline, "yet go sir, if your visit was intended not for me, but for my dog."

There comes your sarcasm again: the old saw says 'he that plays at bowls must expect rubbers,' and in faith, I think I get a full share, in my encounters with so keen an antagonist."

In such bantering discourse, they wound along the walks, till they reached the mansion; it was a plain but substantial abode. The rough and uninviting outside, like most English houses, belied the comfort and conveniences within. It was

quadrangular, and built of stone that once had been light brown granite, but the storms of many winters, gave it a bleak and stained appearance. The windows were few (which the calculating Scotchman, no doubt planned, to avoid as much as possible, the tax imposed on heaven's light,) though not to deformity, yet one or two additional, would have added a beauty to the whole. A portico on the eastern side, denoted the front; the porch was supported by four massive stone pillars, and over it were seen peeping various beautiful flowers, which claimed the particular care and superintendence of Caroline.

Miss Montrose and her visitors entered, as the huge oaken door was opened by a liveried servant; while poor Cato stood at the threshold with a dejected air, for he had been too long under the management of the game keeper, to presume to set foot in "the big house" as the mansion was called by the Cotters.

To Edward's eye there was a halo and enchantment about the apartment into which they were ushered, that he had never seen elsewhere, and such grace and ease in Miss Montrose's deportment, unequalled by any lady he had ever beheld. They were not in the parlour many minutes till Mr. Montrose and his son Richard appeared; Egbert met them as old acquaintance, while with much self-possession Caroline introduced Mr. Hardenville to her uncle and cousin. Edward bowed politely, yet distantly to old Montrose, but when he addressed the young squire, he felt an involuntary shudder, which Egbert, who anxiously watched him, to mark the first impressions Richard would make, immediately discovered.

After as long a visit as politeness would admit, Egbert's chariot was ordered; a pressing invitation from Mr. Montrose, and a look from Caroline, which gave it warm approval, was politely received by the visitors, who now took their departure, and soon were on the road to Aldenton house.

They proceeded on mutely awhile; there was a pensiveness in Edward's air, which his friend had never remarked before: who judged that this mood was produced on him either by the agreeable impression made on him by Caroline, or his disgust for her cousin. At length he enquired.

"Well, Mr. Physiognomist, how like you Richard Montrose?"

"I cannot find words to express what I think: I expected from your account to see a bad character, but did not anticipate I should meet a fiend. Such he is."

"I told you to beware of him."

"So I shall. I would rather encounter a hungry tyger, than he."

"Well, but what did you see in his face?"

Not a line, rectilinear nor curvilinear, that did not denote the worst of passions, not a feature that did not mark the devil."



"Give me some particulars: I hate generals."

"His dark shaggy hair, light bushy eyebrows, and grey eyes, show the dishonest knave; his well forehead, slightly curving at its top, mark the selfish and unfeeling wretch: while his cat or tyger nose, and compressed lips, denote the proud, malignant, ambitious and revengeful temper; and the curl in his mouth, with his hellish smile, tell me, he is an arch hypocrite."

"A noble picture truly! but are you sure you are not mistaken?"

"It may be, for I have judged incorrectly before now, yet I think not in this: his character is written too legibly. You know I would rather judge by an hour's study, than by a year's experience of the careless observer."

"So you have said before; and I always thought it showed a vanity, yet as in this case your opinion accords with mine own, I must say you are not far wrong."

"Did you not see the sycophantic smile with which he welcomed me? Marked you not the distrustful character, by his eyes rolling about, now on you, then on his fair cousin, and again on me? And saw you not when he met my gaze, how his eyes looked, as if inward turned, either to observe if any avenue to his false heart were left unguarded, or to shun my scrutiny?"

"I have noted these things in him before, but never could explain them scientifically. Henceforth I shall put faith in physiognomy."

"Why, have you not always believed in it? It is a science (though some will not give it that title) old as the memory of man; allusions to it, are found in the oldest writers, sacred as well as profane, and it has stood the test of ages; at times fashionable, and again unfashionable, as goes the caprice of this most capricious world; but still it withstands the shocks of time and force and prejudice, while astrology, palmistry, omens, and magic have been exploded by all learned men, and even by the *canaille* generally. But I do not mean to give a lecture on my favourite study now, we may find a more befitting time."

"No, no, go on," said his friend, "I delight to hear one who has studied the subject so much discourse upon the science."

"Excuse me at present, for my mind is so filled with sorrow that such a lady as Caroline Montrose, should be under the protection of such a father and besieged by such a son, that I can think of nothing else."

"Come, come, if you go on at that rate, I shall certainly believe that Benedict brushes his hat o' mornings."

"Judge me as I really feel, and I shall be satisfied. I have taken an interest,—a friendly interest, nothing more I assure you, in this girl, for I should lament to

see your friend, and she so lovely withal, fall into the lion's den."

"That's a suspicious care, Ned: pray guard your heart—such care for a stranger bodes it no good. Have a care, else you are in danger of surrendering at discretion. Such concern, and I repeat for an absolute stranger, is always the prologue to a softer passion. I warn you Ned, take care, if master Cupid reduces such a formidable citadel as your heart,—if you pine and whine after one of Eve's frail daughters, expect no sympathy from me—I shall tease you night and day be assured."

"As you will: but there is no danger of that."

"Be not too sure; men of stout heart have thought so before now, and yielded too."

"Nevertheless, I am determined to see, and see her I shall once more, and take the freedom of giving her some council."

"That is, vastly kind in you; but why all this concern?"

"Philanthropy alone."

"Good, very good—philanthropy, an excellent term in faith, I like its sound well."

"You do not seem to credit me."

"Not I: I know too well the approaches of the blind god, or rather devil, to charge your care to the account of philanthropy."

"No matter, I shall see her once more, and when I have sufficiently warned her, I shall rest satisfied that I have done my duty, and then leave her forever."

"Forever! O no Ned! that is a long term. You will have some little duty to perform afterwards; some book to carry, some poem to read, or flower to plant in her garden, to perform which you must see her once more—then once more for some nothing or other, again, and still again once more, till at last you will swear

'Come what will, come what may, you must see her every hour.'

"I am not quite so susceptible."

"Time tries all, so we shall see."

"No more. I have made up my mind to visit her to-morrow, and if you will not accompany me, I shall go alone."

"Since you will run your head into the noose, I shall not gainsay you; nor shall it be said I ever deserted my friend. We go together."

(To be continued.)

## LITERARY.

### PRIDE AND VANITY.

In the infancy of Nature, according to poetic tradition, all was gentleness and gaiety. The harsher passions were not yet unfolded, and the evils which they create were unknown. *Innocence* and *Cheerfulness* gambolled in the sunshine of a perpetual spring. *Happiness* and *Hope* fed each other with the fruits of the forest, or re-

clined, in mutual embraces, upon the flowers of the meadow.

Among the delegated Genii, who were then employed in the superintendence of human souls, there was one whose agency appeared to be universal. He was named the *Genius of Self-estimation*, and his office was to implant and foster the pleasurable consciousness of being entitled to regard and consideration in society. He had a sister whose name was *Merit*; and in that golden age, the fraternal alliance was so close and endearing, that they perpetually associated together. But when the world advanced in years, the sweetness and serenity of its childhood fled. Characters became refractory and diversified. With tumultuous eagerness, they resisted the training hand of their scrupulous guides, and sometimes reversed the bent they had formerly received. *Inequality* and *Ambition* were introduced, and the Gorgon countenance of *Vice* was seen behind them.

This was a scene where the feminine delicacy of *Merit* could no longer dwell. She ceased to accompany her brother, and retired to a sequestered hermitage, where she lived with *Contentment*, her hand-maid.

*Pride* was the offspring of *Self-esteem* and *Disdain*; and *Vanity* was the daughter of *Self-esteem* and *Folly*. She was nursed by *Adulation*, on the banks of a polar lake, which reflected a cold and glaring light. As she grew up, and removed to milder regions, her darling amusements were to view her image in the water, when tricked out with wreaths of *Narcissus*, or to tend the breeding of butterflies, and hatching of mock-birds, which, without any notes of their own, can mimic those of others. Even when a child, and before the maturity of her passions, she shewed that insatiable thirst for admiration of which she had caught the signs from her more adult companions. Her eyes were blank and unmeaning; but, by an acquired awkward languishment, like one who parrots phrases from a foreign language, she tried to imitate the expression of sensibility. Her sallow cheeks she daubed, unskilfully, with vermilion, and bolstered out, by mechanical contrivances, her adust and emaciated form. Without a single charm of mind or person, she made it her business to observe and mimic the qualities which attract and captivate, in those who are graced with them by nature. She was playful without vivacity, talkative without ideas, tender without passion, and sentimental without feeling. *Art* was her tutress, and had the entire formation of her character.

*Pride* was educated by *Misanthropy*, in a dark and desert cave, on the highest and most rugged of the Alps, where he delighted to stand and enjoy his solitary elevation. He walked in the mist, to appear a giant; and exulted, at sunset, to see half the adjoining mountain eclipsed by his shadow. In this seclusion, his features, which were

naturally hard and disagreeable, were never relaxed by a smile; and as his wish was to be viewed with dread, rather than delight, he studied to stiffen them into harshness. His hair and eye-brows grew bristly and savage; and he amused himself with terrifying the Chamois kid by the fierceness of his frown, or in chasing and killing the Marmot, and other little animals, to cherish a consciousness of superiority and power. He never mingled with the sprightly villagers, unless to damp their pastime by the constraint of his presence; and if their mirth proceeded, notwithstanding this interruption, discontent and mortification made him inwardly curse them, and retire. As he could not stoop to that openness and familiarity which companionship requires, he passed his youth without a friend, but solaced himself by interpreting the disgust with which his society was shunned into the silent acknowledgment of his superiority, and the natural homage paid by a lower to a higher order of beings.

The *Genius of Self-estimation*, blinded by a parent's fondness, commissioned his children to assist him in his duties. *Pride*, therefore, in the form of a gnomie, took one path; and *Vanity*, in that of a sylph, the opposite, for they detested each other. Wherever *Vanity* went, she made her approach be notified by the sound of bells, or the flourish of trumpets. Her toilette was regulated by a handmaid named *Fashion*, who, every day, changed the colour or form of her dress, to excite a new attention. Her appearance was tawdry and glaring. She substituted ornament for neatness, and studied what was conspicuous, not what was comfortable. In every circumstance, she coveted the appearance, without the enjoyment, of pleasure. She sought not to be the object of love. Her aim was to be noticed. Her emblem might be found in one of her own artificial flowers, which, with the exterior appearance of fragrance and bloom, when grasped by the beholders, is discovered to be a handful of rags.

*Pride* advanced on his way, in a sullen silence, perfectly secure, that, without any effort on his part, the fame of so important a personage would precede him. The common expressions of regard or welcome offended him for he deemed it an insult to be offered what so many others might equally receive. The customary modes in dress, manners, and opinions, he affected to despise. Ornament and splendour he rejected. If he added aught in his attire to what was barely necessary, it was to give himself an air of austerity and gloom. He adopted the forgotten fashions of a former age, from no other motive than to show his contempt for the present. By a formal gravity he sought the praise of wisdom, and by depressing others, imagined he was raising himself. He was temperate in pleasures—not from principle,

but from a dread of descending, in their pursuit, to a familiarity with those around him. He rarely smiled, unless when something ridiculous or perplexing happened to another, and especially to the disciples of his sister, whom he regarded with the most unmitigated scorn. Then a grim smile of cruel enjoyment gleamed across his features. An emblem of him might be traced in those poisonous vegetables which draw nutrition to their own offensive qualities, by withering and mildewing every herb around them.

*Vanity*, who courted social intercourse, was like the green hill; that, by screening itself among others, had gained a gloss to its surface which the shallow soil was too barren to bestow;—*Pride*, like the solitary cliff, which, bare as it is, grows barer by standing unsheltered and alone.

Though each was entrusted with a portion of their sire's authority, yet, as they were permitted to employ it at their own discretion on the human mind, their efforts terminated in the formation of characters extremely dissimilar. The proud were generally convinced that the advantages on which they plumed themselves were perceived and appreciated as distinctly by others as by themselves, and therefore they betrayed no anxiety to display them. But the vain seemed ever to doubt the value or validity of their own pretensions; and, from a desire to prevent this doubt in others, an incessant eagerness to bring their merits obtrusively into view, ran through all their actions. The proud man seemed indifferent about pleasing any, while secretly feeding on the certainty that he was the object of universal envy. The vain man seemed studious of pleasing all, while he only sought to please himself, by the general admiration. When wealth was the ground of mutual pretension, the former was often betrayed into avarice, with a view to greater, though procrastinated, enjoyment; and the latter into prodigality, for that immediate gratification of which the absence was insupportable. When the competition was in learning, *Pride*, more afraid of failure than solicitous of success, assumed a pompous and mystical reserve, and *Vanity* a headlong and blundering loquacity. When they rested their pretensions on the beauty of their female votaries, it was found that the proud often ended in the solitude and sourness of single-blessedness; while the vain fell an easy prey to the fortune-hunter. When place and precedence were the subjects of dispute, the vain were forward in arrogating even more than their right; and the proud, with an affected humility which made their design more manifest, took the lowest place, that their title to the highest might draw a marked attention, and a strong, though tacit, acknowledgment from the spectators. *Pride*, upon the whole, was admitted to have shewn superior power, in rendering characters

disgusting; and *Vanity*, in rendering them contemptible.

The struggles of the rival demons terminated, at last, in a challenge, to meet and try their strength on the same ground. They accordingly repaired, by agreement, to Athens, and each took possession of one of the popular philosophers of the age. He whom *Vanity* directed was persuaded by her to fashion his doctrines to the taste of the young, the dissolute, and the gay. He taught, that pleasure is the chief good, and the most important business of life; that there is no Providence,—no future existence,—no responsibility for conduct,—and therefore no check on the pursuit of pleasure, however gross or unnatural. Tenets so flattering to self-love procured a multitude of votaries; and, to attract them more, the scene of instruction was a garden, embellished with all the decorations of art, and furnished with every thing that could minister to the most unbounded wants of voluptuousness.

*Pride*, on the contrary, instructed his disciple to seek celebrity from moroseness, contradiction, and rigour. He inculcated a conduct too severe for human nature to adopt. He interdicted all pleasures, as beneath the dignity of man; and, instead of exciting and providing for the indulgence of numerous wants, he made a parade of shewing that he had none, by using rags for clothing, and a tub for a house. He affected a superiority even to the most powerful princes, and told them, that, if they left him the free use of the natural elements, he looked with contempt on all they could bestow. From this snarling and malignant deportment, he got the surname of *Dog*, on which he valued himself with equal ostentation as on his rags, "through which," said a brother philosopher, "I clearly see your pride." He, too, had numerous followers, among those who thought the adoption of incomprehensible tenets a proof of wisdom, and every departure from common sense an approach to something better,—who mistook singularity for superiority, sullenness for dignity, and sordidness for independence.

The rival demons next removed to Carthage, where wealth was the grand object of pursuit. *Vanity* immediately took possession of a young merchant, who, by diligence and lucky chance, was rising to opulence; and as he had no other claim to consideration, was hastening to shew to others what had hitherto been known only to himself. Life, he thought, was short; and that letting a day pass without an exhibition of his wealth, was defrauding himself of a day of felicity. He shewed it, therefore, in his dress, his house, his equipage, but, above all, he was careful to set it distinctly before the eyes of the public on his table. Thither he tried to attract, by expensive luxuries, the fashionable and accomplished youth, whose style, topics, and behaviour, he might thus acquire. But



while assuming a splendour which his education and manners disgraced, he did it by degrees; still, from a bashful dread of ridicule, leaving some part of his establishment on its original scale. Like a garden on a morass, where one uncultivated corner is sufficient to betray the nature of the soil, this want of congruity and completeness destroyed the effect of all his toil and expense, and constantly reminded his guests, that he had not been early accustomed to the elegancies of life, but was struggling to rise above his native element, on feeble and artificial wings. For their own interest, however, they humoured, while they amused themselves with his forward and awkward imitation of their manners. They devoured his dainties, and laughed at the giver, who gratified at once their appetite for food and for folly.

*Pride* entered a man of middle age, who had retired from trade, to the enjoyment of senatorial dignity, and thus instructed him:—"Your business now is, by imitating the nobles, to keep at a distance those whom you have hitherto admitted with a familiar affability. If you give an entertainment, let the invitations fix a distant day, that your guests may behold its approach with awful solicitude and preparation. When they arrive, receive them with the same cold and stately condescension which you have yourself formerly experienced from the senators and *suffetes*, and let the same unsocial solemnity prevail at your table. Never let it appear that one man, by his personal qualities, is more welcome, or can add more to your gratification than another. Learn the art of damping every pleasant sally, by a corrective gravity; and let no man, who is not so rich as yourself, presume to feel himself happy in your presence. Beware of risking the statement of a comparison in any other point; and, therefore, should a man, distinguished only for worth or talents, dare to take a lead in conversation, let a reproving manner instantly teach him that he is not *wealthy* enough to be *wise*. Should conversation, in spite of every repulse, proceed, wrap yourself up in a sort of suffering silence, with sometimes a slight smile, as if at the shallowness of the speaker, and reserve yourself for the first interval, shortly and dictatorially to decide the subject, without offering any reasons. Draw, as it were, an arctic circle around you, in the centre of which you must remain as fixed, as cold, and as unapproachable as the Pole. Cheerfulness and ease will thus be banished from your house; and, by adopting the pompous discomfort of patricians, you may be allowed a portion of their repulsive dignity. Be careful above all, to associate chiefly with those whose pretensions are the same in kind, though somewhat inferior in degree with your own; and prefer being the first man in a village to being the second in Carthage." This advice was followed, but

without success. The constraint of a forced and counterfeit character could not be uniformly maintained. The phrases of the forum would sometimes dishonour the saloon: and when the demon was off his guard, his pupil, by relaxing in an evening with an old pot companion, would undo all the effects of his painful self-denial.—Like Penelope, he unravelled by night the web he had wove by day, and had his labour to commence anew.

The rivals next met in Rome, when their wish was to try how far they could diminish the value of the most perfect characters. *Vanity* chose a statesman who had rendered himself the most popular orator of his age; and succeeded in tarnishing the splendour of his fame, by betraying him into a constant and disgusting repetition of his services,—by inspiring him with such a false sense of his own importance as led him, in domestic distress, or political adversity, to tire the public ear with his childish whining,—by tempting him meanly to solicit a friend to write a fictitious and flattering account of his conduct,—and at last, by seducing him to fawn upon the destroyer of his country, that he might preserve his ears to listen to his flatterers.—*Pride* took possession of a stubborn, intrepid patriot, and urged him to many of those actions which were ascribed to his acknowledged ability and virtue. He could not stoop to modify his conduct to a chance of circumstances, but maintained an obstinate inflexibility, when accommodation would have been more beneficial. He would have all, of which he had once signified his approbation, or nothing; when pushed to the last extremity, with savage impatience he tore out his bowels; and, to spare himself the personal mortification of meeting a triumphant rival, he thus deprived the state of her ablest citizen. The last act of his life robbed the rest of half its glory, and unmasked a selfishness which rendered the motives of his public conduct equivocal and suspicious.

With the exhibition of these masterpieces the contest closed, but as it left undetermined to whom belonged the diabolical praise of having added most to human misery, the mutual hatred and pretensions of the rival pair, were only exasperated by the inconclusive conflict.

Desirous of the strongest barrier between them, they fixed on the Pyrenean mountains. *Pride* chose the south side, and *Vanity* the north, which still continue their favourite resorts. Both make occasional excursions to a Green Isle in the opposite ocean; but their influence there, though not destroyed, is considerably diminished by the superior potency of a benignant Genius called *Common Sense*.—Through his means the inhabitants are enabled to perceive objects in their just and natural proportions,—to rate themselves, as well as others, at their real value,—and to dissipate the vapours breathed around

them by the kindred demons, which would present things to their eyes indistinctly swelled into false and extravagant forms.

#### SLANDER.

A spirit of defamation in society is the most baneful and prejudicial in its consequences. The tribunal of public opinion to which every individual is amenable for his conduct and deportment, should never be swayed by contracted, envious, or partial considerations. Candour should ever animate its decisions, and teach those who pronounce them that they themselves are no less exposed to the shafts of envy and malevolence, than their neighbours. Men, who are prone to censure, and an uncharitable interpretation of actions perhaps the most innocent, soon feel, that though their attempts may occasionally overwhelm a guiltless victim, they will not fail in most instances to recoil to their authors. No disposition is more justly odious, than an eternal and insatiable propensity to scandal. It perverts the finest feelings of the heart, corrupts the soundest understanding, and renders those who labour under its influence incapable of contemplating the most common actions of life, through any other than the jaundiced medium of passion and prejudice.

The insidious back-biter, who assassinates his neighbour in the back, is but a few grades more detestable than those male or female gossips who, with industrious malignity, collect the tittle-tattle of the tea-table, and retail the same in other circles, wonderfully distorted and disfigured by their manner of narrating it. Such characters are driven to those little arts, in order to arrest the attention of the company, unfortunately too often as well disposed as themselves to join in the sarcastic sneer at the expense of unsuspecting innocence. The growing tale soon gathers strength, and under the protecting care of its foster parents frequently assumes a volume and magnitude, big with mischief and fraught with consequences of the most serious nature. The Cannibals and Hyænas in human shape, who delight in propagating these mischiefs, and disseminating scandal, calumny, and detraction, merit a punishment that no words are capable of expressing. The beast of prey who prowls the desert, attacks not the animals of his own species; but the assassin of reputations is never more gratified, than when he has immolated on the altar of Slander, a creature that bears his own image, and whose whole life may have been one uniform tenour of propriety and rectitude. On the other hand, the man whose benevolent heart palpitates with affection and candour to his fellow man, is ever slow to construe their actions unfavourably: until urged by demonstrative and strongly presumptive evidences, that bring home conviction to the judgment, he does not

pronounce sentence of reprobation; he never breathes the accents of censure on slight or superficial grounds.

#### NO SYMPATHY FOR LOVERS.

Of the passions derived from the imagination, those which take their origin from a peculiar turn of acquired habit, though they may be acknowledged to be perfectly natural, are, however, but little sympathized with. The imaginations of mankind, not having acquired that particular turn, cannot enter into them, and such passions, though they may be almost unavoidable in some parts of life, are always in some measure ridiculous, and sympathy is not awakened by them.

I have always remarked, and believe it is only to be accounted for as above, that there is no grief, trouble, vexation, or embarrassment in life, so little sympathized with, as that of love. Though the friendship, which we may bear towards any particular individual in life, operates so immediately upon our passions and inclination, as to force us into a participation of all his joys and sorrows; though, when a friend whom we hold dear to us is lingering on the bed of sickness, untimely and fortuitously snatched from the grateful intercourse of his fond companions, we feel an ungovernable sympathy for his misfortune; we exert ourselves to the utmost extent of our ability to effect some alleviation of his trouble; our most unremitting exertions are called forth to rescue him from his impending danger, and shield him from the calamitous and threatened stroke; though, in a word, we sympathize with all mankind, when labouring under the pain of bodily or mental disasters, who have not by some overt act of inhumanity, or other conduct incompatible with the principles of religion or morality, brought upon them the general odium of the world; yet as universal as is the sympathy of mankind, we find no one, however closely connected to us by the strongest ties of friendship and affection, who will heed the agonizing sighs of the distracted lover, will "feel as he feels," and condoling with him, humanely disburthen him of a portion of his grief.

If by the rude outrage of some disorganizing member of society we conceive a friend aggrieved, we readily sympathize with his resentment. The same desire of revenge burns within our bosoms that has lighted the vindictive fire in his. If, in needy and pinching circumstances, benefits have been conferred upon him by the liberal hand of some generous witness of his necessities, our friendship enkindles in us a like feeling of gratitude, and we conceive the same sense of the merit of the benefactor. But if our friend is *in love*, if his mind is convulsed with the exquisite distress and apprehension of disappointment, if melancholy, with vulture-appetite, hourly corrodes his substance, engendered in

his bosom by the excruciating racking reflection of his inability ever to attain the object of his wishes: if unjust capricious fortune has rudely and most unfeelingly driven from her threshold the abject petitioner for mercy, alas! what friend to administer the invigorating portion, to infuse into his heart the healing balm and raise him from his dejected state. None! sympathy has banished from her menial train this passion, so offensive to the ear and sight of man when felt by any but himself.

It is true, in some instances he becomes an object of pity, but that *pity* is plundered of her attribute, which, though it might have glistened in the eye of the inexorable opposer of his happiness when the sad catastrophe was complete, scorned to interpose, when interposition might have saved him. Is it the love of Castalio and Monimia which renders the Orphan so interesting? No! It is the distress which that love occasions. The many perilous situations in which they are placed works upon the feelings of an audience, and not the representation of two persons in love, without imagining them baffled and exposed to all the perils which ingenuity could devise. Would the author have been able so happily to lower down our feelings from the immense pitch to which they had been raised had Romeo accomplished his desires? Impossible! The author who should introduce two lovers in a scene of perfect security, expressing their mutual fondness for each other, would excite ridicule and laughter, not sympathy. So it is in life, two lovers appearing to enjoy the society of each other become ridiculous to the view of disinterested spectators, and subjects for the envious to vent their spleen and malice upon.

#### GENIUS.

Little minds are fond of examining parts; to see things in the whole, to judge of them in the great, requires genius, and though talents and abilities are frequent, genius is infinitely rare. This man has elocution; that has wit; another possesses learning and knowledge; and a fourth is eminent for those small arts which captivate the confidence of mankind: in highly polished society, such qualifications are not consigned to a few, and the situations for which they are requisite, may always be supplied out of the common herd; but that transcendent power of intellect, that rapidity of intuition, which pervades and illuminates the whole of the darkest subject at a single glance; comparing at once every possible combination, and invariably selecting the best; those high feelings of the mind by which right is impressed on the heart as a sentiment, at the same instant that it is received into the understanding as a truth, where there is a soul to animate, as well as a head to direct—this is genius—equally rare in all ages,

seldom understood at first because above the times which it is destined to enlighten and improve, and therefore undervalued; but sure sooner or later to find its level in the estimation of mankind. Of such men it has been said, with very little of poetical fiction, that they hold a middle station between men of the common standard and the higher of intellectual beings.

#### POETRY.

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

Oh let me die in my primal day,  
While my morning sun with brightness shines,  
Ere the cold world chase my joys away,  
Ere the blushing flower of life declines.

Oh let me die while life is young  
While feeling lives and the passions play—  
While the bounding heart to love is strung  
And affection warms in fancy's ray.

Oh let me die while joy is bright  
Ere the blissful hours of youth are flown;  
While the soul is pure and the heart is light,  
And sin and grief are all unknown.

Oh let me die before the woe  
The loneliness of age shall come;  
While youth and hope still brightly glow,  
Then softly make my early tomb.

Methinks that I could calmly rest,  
If spring flowers bloomed above my head—  
Methinks if grief ne'er sere'd my breast,  
'Twere sweet to sleep in my grassy bed.

And there will come they say a chill,  
A deadning chill upon the heart,  
When its early throbs of joy are still,  
And the light of youth and hope depart.

Then let me die in my primal day,  
While my morning sun with brightness shines,  
Ere the cold world chase my joys away,  
Ere the blushing flower of life declines.

HINDA.

*For the Gazette and Athenæum*

Take back, take back thy proffered vow,  
In happier moments dear to me;  
I would not cross the fancy now  
Of one I loved as well as thee.

For I am dark and desolate  
As in the hour before we met—  
Yet heed me not—nor let my fate  
Wake in thy bosom one regret.

Go—mingle with the brave and fair,  
The light of heart, the rich, the gay;  
Had fortune thrown my being there,  
I might have been as blest as they.

But poverty with giant grasp  
Has crushed for aye the flow of life;  
It strove one moment in his clasp,  
But sunk before the unequal strife.



And dark despair is on this brow,  
And tears where smiles were wont to be;  
I would not cross the fancy now  
Of one I loved as well as thee.

Go—we'll forget that vows could move—  
Forget we e'er did meet or part;  
For what hast thou to do with love!  
Thou faded form—thou broken heart.

NORNA.

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

## THE WEE VOYAGER.

Written on seeing a notice in a Scotch newspaper, that, a vessel's crew, discovered a Hare, in the Frith of Forth, floating upon a sheet of ice to the ocean.

An' whare are ye gaun, ye wee voyager,  
As e'en whan its sae late?

An' whare are ye gaun, ye wee voyager,  
On saecan erie gate?

Ye're sailin' awa' i' a frail frail bark,  
An' nae a frien' beside ye;

Ye're sailin' in a cauld cauld bark,  
Without one helm tae guide ye.

Ye hae nae a mast, ye hae nae a sail,  
Nor bield frae win' tae hide ye;

The left gowrs mirk, an' it threatens a gale,  
Sae ill will sure betide ye.

The gloamin' is cauld, and the gurley sea,  
Is yapen tae owerapye;

The big penucks swim, and the wild maws wing  
Watchin' to entrap ye.

The sun has now set i' a blea' blea' cloud,  
Mirkness is comin' on;

There's nae a stern, i' its lie lie bauk,  
Nor mone upon her throne.

The wraith o' the storm shaws her grim grim face,  
The petrei skreighs aloud;

Sea an' yird look sick, lift gin it wad fa'  
For nature's fun'ral shroud.

Then, wharefore sail ye, in ye're frail, frail bark,  
At sic unseemly hour?

Come ye're waes wi' me, (the skipper then said,)  
Frae guriy ocean's power.

An' his cloggy punt, the skipper then launch'd,  
Upon the roamin' wave;

An' bravely he plied wi' his long long oar,  
The voyager to save.

Then, glegly he reach'd the timid puss,  
An' snatch'd her frae the good,

An' now, the maukiee that ance sail'd the sea  
Rins in bonny green wood.

JULIAN.

## SMILES.

There is a smile, a sportive smile,  
Which beams o'er childhood's face;  
Which dangles round the lips awhile,  
With Nature's sweetest grace.

Such pure delight this smile reveals,  
So void of ail offence;  
That every heart which marks it, feels  
'Tis thine, sweet innocence!

'Tis like the sun which opes the flower,  
At early break of day;  
Ere yet his radiant beams have power,  
To shed a warmer ray.

There is a smile which brighter glows,  
More ecstasy imparts;  
'Tis that which Cupid's fire bestows,  
To warm young lovers' hearts.

'Tis like the ray which bids the rose  
Bloom forth in beauty's vest;  
How brightly do its beams disclose  
The heart which love has blest.

There is a smile more calm than this,  
A ray far more serene;  
It is a glow of temperate bliss,  
Where no wild passion's seen.

It is a ray more chastely bright,  
Than love's extatic dream;  
Which mellowed into purer light,  
Reflects his radiant beam.

Just as the sun his glory lends,  
And bids pale Luna shine,  
That smile illumines the lips of friends,  
Sweet friendship, it is thine.

There is a melancholy smile,  
A sad, yet soothing ray;  
Which glistens through a tear awhile,  
Lingers, then fades away.

It is a smile which faintly gleams,  
Ere we resign our breath;  
'Tis cheering hope's seraphic beams,  
Which gild the bed of death!

They shine like autumn's ling'ring ray,  
O'er summer's fading bloom;  
Still promising a brighter day,  
Which lives beyond the tomb.

Oh! may the autumn of my year,  
Close with a smile like this;  
Which though it beams o'er nature's bier,  
Lights the rapt soul to bliss!

## SONG.

My love is a lady of gentle line,  
Tow'rd some like the cedar bending,  
Tow'rd me she flies—like a shape divine  
From heaven to earth descending.

Her very look is life to me,  
Her smile like the clear moon rising,  
And her kiss is as sweet as the homed bee,  
And more and more enticing.

Mild is my love as the summer air,  
And her cheek (her eyes half closing)  
Now rests on her full-blown bosom fair,  
Like Languor on Love reposing.

## SONG.

Thou shalt sing to me  
When the waves are sleeping,  
And the winds are creeping  
'Round the embowering chestnut tree.

Thou shalt sing by night,  
When no birds are calling,  
And the stars are falling  
Brightly from their mansions bright.

Of those thy song shall tell  
From whom we've never parted,  
The young, the tender hearted,  
The gay, and all who loved us well.

But we'll not profane  
Such a gentle hour  
Nor our favourite bower,  
With a thought that tastes of pain.

## GAZETTE AND ATHENÆUM.

NEW-YORK, MAY 27, 1826

DESULTORY THOUGHTS AND  
SKETCHES.

## No. III.

There are some dispositions naturally, or by circumstance, so unhappy, that, they cannot bear to look on any one around them in joyous mood, but rail continually against mankind, the world, and often pray to die. Such minds, without being improved by cultivation, are narrow and contracted, possessing little knowledge of human nature, and still less of their own hearts: either ignorant of, or ungrateful for, the manifold blessings that God bestows upon our race. The glorious sun, with his heralds of light, and the moon, attended by her countless train of stars and planets, are of themselves inestimable blessings; but so often seen, the discontented view them all, as things of course; without once offering adoration, or casting a thought on the all-powerful ruler who created and guides the whole. How shallow minded must they be, who vainly imagine that they have more cause of unhappiness than any of their fellow mortals!—This peevish and discontented propensity, instead of abating with age and experience, rather increases; and is a galling burthen, which the miserable bearers are unable to disengage themselves from, till they reach that bourne, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

How much unlike to the strong and aspiring souls, who, no matter with what calamities oppressed, rejoice even amid their griefs, to see others enjoying that felicity, which is denied to them; who bear with patience and resignation, their allotted sorrows, well knowing that few indeed are born to happiness, and peace; but judging aright, that they must travel

"Along a rough, a weary road,"

before they reach that portion, which our first parents left us when they sinned.

Such minds, raise the possessors of

light-tinged wings above the petty malice of the discontented and slanderous, whose tongues are too often exerted in circulating discord, and whose eyes are too intently watching their neighbours' failings, to guard against, or observe their own faults. Most happily for the world, notwithstanding their strong desire to injure, they are often without the power. To their invectives, silence is the best reply: virtuous and noble minds bear in remembrance, Ben Jonson's advice, that,

"Calumnies are answered best with silence."

Unfortunately, however, calumny sometimes withers the fairest and the purest flower; for there are some men, placed under such particular circumstances, that, like the opening bud, the slightest breath of frost fatally nips, if perchance, the discontented and malicious with their pigmy minds and slanderous tongues assail them, it proves blighting to tenderest affection, and cherished hopes.

I once was unfortunate enough, to meet in my travels one of these prying and discontented mortals, and to witness the effects of such malice.

My long tried friend, Edward M——, on my arrival at ——, invited me to visit Mary ——, to whom he was strongly attached. We met there a peevish and discontented old maid, who bereft of all hope of matrimony, had dignified herself with the title of Mrs. ——. On entering, even before the usual ceremony of meeting was over, she addressed my friend, with a sarcastic tone,

"Well Mr. M——, I heard you were at Mrs. ——'s party last night, that you danced and conversed the whole evening with Miss ——, nay, it is currently reported, that you fell desperately in love with her at first sight."

"Madam the world gives me more credit for susceptibility than I deserve."

"Not at all sir; it is notorious all over town, that you fall in love with every pretty face you see; even as a careless child crops each flower he meets, and when the novelty is gone, casts it away, to search for something better."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed, if you choose; you cannot deny that you escorted Miss —— home last night, and the fashionables actually assert, for I heard it at every place

I called, this morning, that you will shortly be her husband."

"Perhaps so."

"Nay, it is actually so."

"Why, if other people are to dictate to me, then it is so."

"Who do you mean by other people, sir? there are other people as good as some people, for all that they are young, with smiling eyes, and laughing lips"—and she turned a malignant glance at Miss ——, who during this short conversation, sat trembling with fear—then asked, "Miss Mary, were you at the party last night?"

"I was not, madam."

"No, I warrant you were not, else this gay champion, would not have been so loving to a stranger."

"I presume, madam," replied Mary, "my presence would have been no check to his pleasures."

"Do not pretend ignorance, nor unconcern, for I know how matters have stood between you; so I thought it my duty to communicate what goes on in your absence."

My friend bit his lips with indignation, —a man cannot repay a woman rudeness for rudeness, but must repress his feelings for politeness' sake. Mary turned pale; and the intermeddling old maid, who from her peevish and malignant disposition, was styled by all "the fretful mind," rejoiced so much, that she could not disguise her exultation.

I felt from the beginning of this unbecoming discourse, most unpleasantly situated, and had been taxing my wits in vain, to find some method of ending it, till now, by chance turning my eyes to the window, I espied the garden, well laid out and tastefully decorated with shrubbery; I instantly addressed my fair hostess:—

"Madam, I observe you have a delightful garden; will you do me the honour to accompany me thither—I am a great admirer of flowers."

"With pleasure Sir," she replied, and it was indeed with pleasure, for now she hoped to be relieved from the tormenting tongue, of "the fretful mind."

It was a vain hope; the officious Mrs. M——, was instantly by our side, and we all walked together. To prevent, if possible, any farther sallies of "the fretful mind," I kept close by her, and endea-

voured by all means in my power to engage her attention, and Edward required no hint to be at the side of Mary.

They were a short distance in advance. Mary espied a delightful rose and cropped it: its petals were not quite opened, but in that beautiful bloom, that its sweet fragrance was lavished upon the possessor. Edward entreated her for it, she refused, when after a short parley, he playfully snatched it from her hand, but alas! the sweet flower was ruined in the struggle: in mimic rage, she upbraided him for his rudeness. The "fretful mind," advanced her eye lit up with joy at the occasion, and instantly addressing the young lady, "Miss Mary will you bear that? if you submit, you have no respect for female dignity—I never saw any thing so rude in this world before."

"Madam," replied Edward with some asperity, "I have not offended you, and if Miss Mary, judges by my intent, I have given her no cause of dissatisfaction."

"Dissatisfaction Sir! I call it downright impertinence, and if she submits to it, she has not the spirit that I think she has. Nay, Sir, do not speak in extenuation, it admits of no apology, for my part I never could be reconciled for such a breach of politeness. I shall tell her parents of this gross insult, I think it my duty to report it to the whole town, and the world shall judge of the circumstance."

Mary trembled and looked pale a moment, then, her eyes shone with unwonted fire, and the crimson dyed her cheeks.—Most minds, and particularly the female, are swayed by the opinions of others, and from "the fretful mind's" construction, Mary looked upon the affair in too serious a light.

Mrs. M—— instantly observed the effect of her eloquence, and inwardly rejoiced at her victory. Then taking Miss Mary by the hand, she said, "I am glad you see this, in the same light that I do—this is a scheme of his, I warrant, to break with you; for it is as I told you, he saw a new face last night which captivated him. I would not humour the whims of capricious man. Come, let us leave the gentlemen to their own meditations, and retire with me into the house. Good morning gentlemen," and she led Miss Mary out of the garden.

Next day it was reported that Edward had grossly insulted Mary; the simple cir-



cumstance was magnified to an affair of mighty import, and spread like wild fire among old and young. The fretful mind, made the most of it, and the censorious world believed the tale.

Edward called in a day or two to make an explanation, Mary refused to see him, but sent him a note, couched in as polite terms as possible, requesting a discontinuance of his attentions.

At this his pride got up: he allowed the world to speak as it would, he contradicted nothing.

As his friend, I used my utmost exertions to bring about a reconciliation, but in vain.

He never saw Mary again, yet both loved even as dearly as before, but the opinion of the world deterred each from making any farther overtures. They lived many years after this, and spent their life in celibacy—miserable and wretched as the chained slave.

Thus, I may say, out of nothing, from the peevish, intermeddling, and devilish spirit of an old maid, did a couple as loving and lovely as the sun ever shone upon, drag out a weary existence. This is not the only occurrence of the kind that it has been my lot to know, I have heard of many similar. Unconquerable pride, and false respect for the opinion of the world, give these Marmatches, (of whom, I am sorry to say, there is a numerous family) too much power. I know not if this little narration, may have the effect to blunt the venomous darts of one of this class, but if it have, it has served the purpose, for which I noted it down.

X.

*The Revolutionary Claim.*—Be it ever remembered that the members of the nineteenth Congress have, after mature deliberation and protracted debate, turned a deaf ear to the petition of our Revolutionary fathers! In solemn conclave assembled, they have refused to pay a *debt* which is as justly due from the government to the heroes of the Septennial War, as ever a debt for services rendered was due from the employer to the employed. They have soiled the American name with as foul and as loathsome a stain as ever disgraced the name of unprincipled despots, or oppres-

sive tyrants. The faith of the nation was long ago solemnly pledged to these much abused, insulted, cheated, long-suffering and high-minded men; patiently and in dignified silence have they waited year after year, in distress, in poverty, and in privation, for *justice* to be done to them:—at last they have asked for that justice, and it has been coldly and unfeelingly denied—“*Heu pietas! heu, prisca fides!*”

The *gratitude* of Republics! the *faith* of Republics! the *honour* of Republics! Will impudence with her brazen front and her lying tongue, dare to couple gratitude, faith and honour with Republics after this? Our aged sires gave us *liberty*, and so much liberty, that we have freed ourselves from the payment of a claim which it was dishonour to protract, and infamy to refuse. It were vain to attempt exculpation, to fold an oblivious mantle around the tarnished honour of the nation—let the truth be shouted aloud, far and wide, to all the nations of the earth, America has no *faith*, America has no *justice*. Proclaim to the admiring world that this *young* republic has successfully striven to extinguish the principles of honour and of gratitude which appertain to the unsullied nature of youth;—what may we not hope from its old age! from this early display of honesty, what transcendent virtue will adorn its maturer days!

It may seem surpassingly strange that a measure which was so warmly recommended by the President, a measure with which no political asperities and jealousies could be connected, a measure demanded by every feeling of duty, of justice and of honour, should be brought forward in our *enlightened* Congress, be urged by men of talents and character, be pressed upon the attention day after day, and after all be thus shamefully abandoned. Marvellous as it is, this bill was opposed on *principle*! Where in the name of Heaven shall words be found sufficiently expressive to laud *such principle*! Principle has cheated and swindled these aged men out of the pay due to them from this prosperous nation for seven years' faithful services, unexampled sufferings and unrivalled perseverance. Away with this hypocritical cant of principle—it is an impudent profanation of the word:—*popularity* and not *principle*, has been the sly and tricky manager

whose arts have defeated this bill. But perchance those honourable gentlemen may learn ere long that they have thrown the arrow beyond the mark—for unless the citizens of these United States are sunk past redemption in moral turpitude, they will heap loud and frequent reproaches upon the arbitrary wrongers, the heartless oppressors of their Revolutionary fathers. If we are not much mistaken, those Cerberuses who stand growling and barking before the *national strong-box*, would have acted more wisely in this case, by shutting their mouths and ceasing their discordant and offensive clamours.

Let it be borne in remembrance that the Committee of this very Congress reported the bill for the relief of the surviving officers of the Septennial War on the ground of a *violated contract* between the Government and the Army. And this report was founded on truth: it was a violation, a wanton, arbitrary, and despotic violation of a solemn contract, and the nineteenth Congress has confirmed the gross infraction of rights. Where now are these afflicted and gray-headed men to look for justice; where can they seek redress against their inhuman and unnatural country; where can they find a champion to defend them, an avenger to punish their oppressors? Old, feeble and forsaken, they are in the way of the rising generation whose feet are on the necks of their fathers! Filial piety stands in a most captivating attitude—behold and admire it, ye despots of the old world—your thrones will be as firm as the everlasting hills, and your sceptres will be of adamant strength, if this is to be the reward of those who break sceptres into atoms, and hurl thrones into dust.

And will America then never be grateful to the founders of her freedom? Oh yes, —but the “time is not yet”—she will wait a few more years, until the last veteran of the Revolution shall have laid his wearied bosom in the grave—she will then gather the costly marble and erect the lofty monument, whereon she will inscribe the valor of the sires and the gratitude of the sons—piety will consecrate the pile and magnificence will surround it—and the millions who enjoy liberty and happiness, will gaze upon it with supreme self-approbation, and shout in the intoxication of their vanity “Hail to the gratitude of Republics! hail to the ashes of our fathers!”

*For the Gazette and Athenæum.*

Go my son, said the eastern sage Muza, to the young Talmor, go forth to the world: be wise in the pursuit of knowledge—be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely, the wife of thy bosom.

When the rulers of the people echo thy sayings, and the trumpet of fame sends thy name abroad among the nations; more beautiful will the sun of thy glory set if one bright cloud reflect its brightness, and sullied forever will be the splendour of thy rays, if like a dark spot, she crosses its surface. Consider this then, my son, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for little will all else avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the companion of thy bosom. See yonder, the maidens of Tinge. They deck themselves with the gems of Golconda and the roses of Kashmir—themselves more bright and beautiful; but ah! take them not to thy breast: for the gem will grow dim, and the rose wither, and nought will remain to thee of all thou didst woo and win.

Neither turn thy wishes to the proud one who vaunts herself on having scanned the pages of the Vedas, and fathomed the mysteries of the holy temple. Woman was not born to wield the sceptre, or direct the council; to reveal to thee the mandates of Brahma, or expound the sacred verses of Menu. Rather be it hers to support thee in grief and soothe thee in sickness, to hide thy faults and forgive thy weaknesses; to rejoice in thy prosperity and cling to thee in adversity. Reflect then, my son, ere thou choosest, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst make the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name, what a responsible office! She must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife! she must be pure as spirits around the Everlasting Throne, that man may kneel to her even in adoration, and feel it no abasement. A wife! she must be the guardian angel of his footsteps on earth and guide them to Heaven: so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support and replace him upon its firm foundation; so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the per-

plexities of the world he returns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile. Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife—and reflect well ere thou choosest.

Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose not thy head on the breast which nurseth envy, and folly, and vanity.—Hope not for obedience where passions are untamed; and expect not honour from her who honoureth not the Gods that made her.

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes, and the countenance of royalty beam upon thee—though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name be honoured from the east to the west—little will it all avail thee, if darkness, and disappointment, and strife, be in thine own habitation. There must be passed thine hours of solitude and sickness—and there must thou die. Reflect then, my son, ere thou choosest, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in all other things—little will it avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

SEFL.

*Woodbridge Spa Spring.* While our citizens are flocking in crowds to the Orange Spring, another fountain, as much within their reach, of the same chalybeate quality, and of equal if not superior medical virtues is almost wholly unknown and neglected. The Spa Spring at Woodbridge, in New Jersey, is situated in the midst of a rich and highly cultivated country, and is surrounded by scenery, if not as rugged, perhaps full as pleasing as that in the environs of the Orange Springs. It is but four miles from Perth Amboy, and as that place is daily visited by several steam-boats from New York, persons from this city may easily make a trip to the Woodbridge Spa, and return to town the same day. We understand Mr. Fitch, the late proprietor of Castle Garden, is about establishing a hotel and pleasure garden at the Blazing-star ferry, on Arthur-kull sound, which is about four miles from Woodbridge village, and four and a half from the spring. As Mr. F's establishment is nearer to the city than Amboy, it would perhaps offer the most convenient landing place to persons desirous of visiting the watering place. From the great exertions which the proprietor is making, we have reason to believe the ferry establishment will become a fashionable resort for our

citizens during the summer; in which case it may be the means of bringing the mineral waters of the neighbourhood into the notice they deserve.

*Domestics.* Last week, we called the attention of our readers to the Annual Report of the "Society for the Encouragement of faithful Domestic Servants."—We now invite their particular notice of the following extract from a subsequent report of the visiting committee. The unwarrantable practice of recommending *bad* servants is unfortunately too common in this city—it is a moral fraud that strikes at the root of all confidence and security. To suppress part of the truth is, in such cases, quite as culpable as direct falsehood. It undoubtedly arises frequently from charitable feeling; but it is a most mistaken charity that imposes upon one individual from mercy towards another: it is a great departure from the "golden rule."

We are glad to learn that the ladies are taking an active interest in the objects of this excellent society, which has our earnest wishes for its success. Of this success there cannot be a doubt, if the members generally attend to their duties with the same zeal and fidelity which the managers have exhibited.

The committee have commenced upon the strict system proposed, of registering the name of no servant who does not produce satisfactory written recommendations; although, in some cases the demands for servants have been so urgent, as to be accompanied by the direction "not to mind character." In some instances these certificates have been detected as being altered in the date, so as to appear to be recently given. This must show the absolute necessity of subscribers attending *themselves* to the reference made from the office, and of investigating personally the character of the servants. The committee have also to add another painful proof of the necessity of such investigation, while at the same time they desire to reprobate in the strongest terms, a custom which prevails to a considerable extent of giving to unworthy servants a written certificate of good character, when the parties know the unworthiness of the domestic, and are constrained to acknowledge it, when personally applied to. The committee deem it their duty to relate a fact which came under their observation.

A servant woman of decent appearance presented herself at the office for employment, and produced a certificate signed by a member of a very respectable family, which certificate stated that the bearer was a "sober," honest and industrious woman.



&c. &c. The certificate was transferred to a gentleman who had applied for a domestic, but upon seeing the writer, he was informed that the woman was intemperate. Presuming the certificate had been forged, the committee took measures to ascertain the truth of the writer, who acknowledged its authenticity, and added that it was customary to give recommendations, but that it was intended to state the truth when called upon. The committee forbear to remark upon the enormity of a practice, which is calculated to destroy all confidence in recommendations, to endanger the safety of families, and to blast the hopes of good servants, by confounding them with the undeserving. If the public will tamely look on, and while they applaud the endeavours of this institution, still refuse, or neglect to co-operate in the work of reformation, then must the efforts of the society be totally unavailing, and its fair prospects of usefulness utterly blasted.

The committee recommend that this statement be published in the daily papers, and also all such like cases as shall come to the knowledge of the managers.

Whereupon it was, on motion,

Resolved, That the report of the visiting committee be adopted and published in the daily papers, and that the secretary cause this resolution to be carried into effect. A true copy from the minutes.

JONA. D. STEELE, Sec'y.

**Post-Offices.** We have pursued our enquiries on this subject and we have good authority for informing our country subscribers that they have been shamefully imposed upon by those post-masters who have charged them *pompulet* postage for the Gazette. The only charge which they have a right to make is the ordinary *news-paper* charge, and we do hope that those of our subscribers, who have been subjected to the enormous imposition will prosecute the mal-doers at once, and teach them a lesson, not easily forgotten.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

##### SHAVING.

Read the following and ponder upon it, ye shavers and ye shaved!

"Get money—honestly, if you can—but get money."

Among the many flagrant abuses in society, is the usurious practice commonly called *shaving*. To enumerate the various and complicated ills, arising from this abominable traffic, equally in defiance of law, and subversive of good morals, would fill a volume; I shall only touch on a few of its most prominent features. In the

first place, shaving, steels the heart against the feelings of humanity, inasmuch as its gains are drawn from the distress of a neighbour, whose misfortunes the shaver is hereby brought to view with careless apathy, if not with pleasure. In the second place, it encourages laziness in the monied man, who without exertion or enterprise amasses endless wealth, and wallows in luxurious ease through this nefarious practice; ever ready, like the lurking tiger in the forests of Africa, to spring on his devoted victim, and doom with the imprudent father, the helpless infant and affectionate wife, to want and misery. Nay, so unfeeling and unprincipled has this horrid avarice rendered many, that the utmost fineness is made use of, to raise these premiums of *iniquity*; the shaver, knowing from his agent, the broker, when cases of extreme urgency will take place, becomes invisible till bank hours (3 o'clock) are almost up, when lo! he steps forward with his money bags, like the *arch tempter*, conscious the unfortunate applicant *must give* whatever he *thinks fit to ask*. Let it not be said that many speculations will justify extraordinary interest, and that borrower and lender find mutual benefit; the men generally *shaved* are of a very different description. They are not those who have speculations in view, but who having already outstepped their resources, are obliged to ward off impending bankruptcy and ruin, by borrowing money of those *harpies* at exorbitant interest, in hopes their distant property may arrive, or some casualty may turn up, to save their credit. Illusive hope! like the decoying meteor to a beighted traveller, it leads to sure destruction. Let the prudent merchant calculate the amount of 3 per cent. discount per month, and say whether any known trade will warrant the sacrifice. Look round and see what *fortunes* have been suddenly acquired by this infamous traffic, which like Aaron's rod swallows up the rest.

Pleas'd with the dirty gain of cent per cent,  
Usurious monsters find a short content.

To say such a man is a good citizen, would be paradoxical, because he is in the constant practice of *excessively* violating the laws of his country; to call him a good member of society, is impossible, for his mind is selfish and contracted, meanly availing himself of another person's distress, and extorting beyond what either reason, justice, or law, allows. It is alleged by the advocates of this system, that as the act is voluntary on the part of the borrower, the bargain is fair; and more over, that *money* is no ways different from any article of trade, in which, according to the mercantile phrase, "*a thing is worth just what it will bring*." To this it may be replied, that the act is involuntary, inasmuch as necessity compels the measure. Let us state a case by way of illustration; suppose a man in possession of a loaf of bread, meets another in a desert almost

famished with hunger, the last mentioned has a valuable jewel, which the first person demands as the price of a piece of his bread, would this be humane, fair, or reasonable, on the one part, and voluntary on the other? On the shaver's principle it would, because, says he, "a thing is worth just what it will bring, and the man had an option to pay or starve." In this case the sufferer would probably prefer ruin to death, but would *he* deserve the name of man, whose bowels of compassion would be thus shut up against his fellow mortal? I conceive not; *monster* would be too good for him.

While I expose to merited ridicule and detestation the character of the *shaver*, permit me to address a few observations to the *shaved*. If we trace the causes of the necessitous applications to their sources, sorry I am to say it, we shall too frequently find them originate from wild speculations, founded on ignorance, and unsupported by either capital or credit to sanction the hazard. Were traders satisfied to carry on business commensurate to their means, and confine themselves to rational adventure, they would seldom have occasion to resort to shaving discounts; it is true, immense fortunes could not be acquired by a single voyage, nor should we see the *mushroom nabob*, dazzling the astonished crowd with a gaudy display of clumsy profusion, substituted for fashionable decoration; nor would the glare of inordinate wealth, often obtained by dirty means, fascinate the vain, or sap our plain manners by its contaminating example. Perhaps *beauty* might not sport the meretricious aid of Brussels lace to shade its *dimples*, nor the midnight mysteries of loo be so frequently celebrated at the expense of health, temper, pecuniary ease and domestic comfort. But this may be safely asserted, that female charms would not be less attractive to the eye of uninvited taste, when arrayed in simple elegance; and disgraceful bankruptcy would often be avoided, unnecessary and unbecoming dissipation would cease, and we should exhibit to the world the characteristics of a free, *honest*, and enlightened people.

#### THE COMPASS.

##### An Original Invention of the Chinese.

The present system of Chinese navigation is to keep as near the shore as possible; and never to lose sight of land, unless in voyages that absolutely require it; such as to Japan, Batavia, and Cochin China. Knowing the bearing or direction of the port intended to be made, let the wind be fair or foul, they endeavour, as near as possible, to keep the head of the ship always pointing towards the port by means of the compass. This instrument as used in China, has every appearance of originality. The natives know nothing from history or tradition, of its first introduction

or discovery; and the use of the magnet, for tracing the poles of the earth, can be traced, from their records, to a period of time when the greatest part of Europe was in a state of barbarism. It has been conjectured, indeed, that the use of the magnetic needle in Europe was first brought from China by the famous traveller Marco Polo, the Venetian. Its appearance immediately after his death, or according to some, while he was yet living, but, at all events, in his own country, renders such a conjecture extremely probable. The embassies in which he was employed by Cublai-Kahn, and the long voyages he performed by sea, could scarcely have been practicable without the aid of the compass. Be this as it may, the Chinese were, without doubt, well acquainted with this instrument long before the thirteenth century.—It is recorded in their best authenticated annals merely as a fact, and not any extraordinary circumstance, that the Emperor Chung-ko presented an ambassador of Cochinchina, who had lost his way in coming by sea, with a *ting nan-tchin*, (a needle pointing out the south) the name which it still retains. Even this idea of the seat of magnetic influence, together with the construction of the compass box, the division of the card into eight principal points, and each of these again subdivided into three, the manner of suspending the needle, and its diminutive size, seldom exceeding in length three quarters of an inch, are all of them strong presumptions of its being an original, and not a borrowed invention. By some, indeed, it has been conjectured, that the Scythians, in the northern regions of Asia, were acquainted with the polarity of the magnet, in ages antecedent to all history, and that the virtue of this fossil was intended to be meant by the flying arrow, presented to Abris by Apollo, about the time of the Trojan war, with the help of which he could transport himself wherever he pleased. The abundance of iron ores, and perhaps of native iron, in every part of Tartary, and the very early period of time in which the natives were acquainted with the process of smelting these ores, render the idea not improbable, of the northern nations of Europe and Asia, (or the Scythians) being first acquainted with the polarity of the magnet.

There are some performers, who are ever studying to take an audience by surprise, with introducing what they call *some new stroke of acting*. And it must be allowed, some have successfully raised their celebrity by such endeavours. It is however, strange, that in this enlightened age, any mode of acting, contrary to the directions of the immortal bard, Shakspeare, should ever succeed. "Suit the action to the word," &c.

An actor at Edinburgh was remarkably attached to this new mode of acting. Ham-

let being performed for a charity benefit, and the stage crowded by all ranks and descriptions, he, as the hero, on the appearance of the ghost, made his tragedy start, struck off his hat in a most pantomimical manner, and began in the usual way—

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us."

A Scotch pedlar, standing just behind him, took up his hat, saying—"Hoot awa man! diinna fash your noddle! but keep your bonnet on your heed; for gin he bee your father's spirit, the de'il o' my saul man, he wou'd na wish you to get cold, Sir."

This so disconcerted the poor actor, that, instead of addressing the ghost, as he should have done, he turned about and fixed his eyes upon the pedlar—and continued—

"Be thou a spirit or goblin damn'd," &c.

"Damn your gooblines!" said Sawney: to the right about, man, and mind your business; for gin ye make a gooblin or a de'il o' me, the de'il dam my saul, but I'll crack your croon."

Thus was the most beautiful passage of the play, and the pleasure of the whole entertainment destroyed by a *new stroke of acting*.

Time does as much for a first-rate poet, as for a first-rate painter, but in a very different manner: that poet whose efforts have established his reputation, and whose celebrity has gone down to after ages, will receive a meed of renown even greater than he deserves, and that text of Scripture will be verified as to his fame, which says, "to him that hath shall be given." Time, in fact, effects that for a fine poem, that distance performs for a fine view. When we look at a magnificent city from some height that is above it, and beyond it, we are sufficiently removed to lose sight of its little alleys, blind lanes, and paltry habitations; we can discover nothing but its lofty spires, monuments and towers, its palaces, and its sanctuaries. And so it is with a poem, when we look back upon it through a long interval of time; we have been in the habit of hearing only the finest passages, because these only are repeated; the faults and the failings, either we have not read, or do not remember. The finest passage of Milton, or of Shakspeare, can be rehearsed by many who have never waded through all the pages of either.—Dacier observed that Homer was a thousand years more beautiful than Virgil, as if Calliope traced the *etymology* of her name, to her wrinkles, rather than her dimples. Voltaire carried this opinion so far, that he seems to infer that distance of time might make a poet still more interesting, by making him invisible; for he asserts that the reputation of Dante will continually be growing greater and greater, be-

cause there is nobody now that reads him. This sentiment must be a source of great consolation to many of our modern poets, who have already lived to see themselves arrive at *this* point of greatness, and may in some sort be said to have survived their own apotheosis.

It is astonishing how much more anxious people are to lengthen life than to improve it; and as misers often lose large sums of money in attempting to make more, so do hypochondriacs squander large sums of time in search of nostrums by which they vainly hope they may get more time to squander. Thus the diurnals give us ten thousand recipes to live long, for one to live well, and hence the use of the present which we have, is thrown away in idle schemes of how we shall abuse that future we may not have. No man can promise himself even fifty years of life; but any man may, if he please, live in the proportion of fifty years in forty:—let him rise early, that he may have the day before him, and let him make the most of the day, by determining to expend it on *two* sort of acquaintance only, those by whom something may be got, and those from whom something may be learnt.

We often injure our cause by calling in that which is weak to support that which is strong. Thus the ancient school-men, who in some instances were more silly than school-boys, were constantly lugging in the authority of Aristotle, to support the tenets of Christianity; and yet these very men would laugh at an engineer of the present day, who should make a similar blunder in artillery, that they have done in argument, and drag up an ancient battering ram, to assist a modern cannon.

Posthumous fame is a plant of tardy growth, for our body must be the seed for it; or we may liken it to a torch, which nothing but the last spark of life can light up; or we may compare it to the trumpet of the archangel, for it is blown over the dead: but unlike that awful blast, it is of earth, not of heaven, and can neither rouse nor raise us.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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EDITOR, PUBLISHER, AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, NO. 4 WALL-STREET, NEW-YORK.

TERMS—Four dollars per annum, payable in advance.—Subscriptions must commence with the first No. of a volume, prospectively or retro-spectively.

No subscription received for a shorter period than one year, and notices of discontinuance must be given one month previous to the close of a volume.—Letters must be post-paid.

J. DESNOUES, Printer, 23 Provost-st.